

# Bozart

*The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review*

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER

1929

Box 67, Sta. E

Atlanta, Ga.



# Announcement!

The editor of *BOZART, the Bi-monthly Poetry Review* has the honor to announce that beginning with the issue of January, 1930, a merger has been completed whereby *BOZART* will become the second largest poetry magazine in America, through the absorption of two of the most distinguished verse journals in the country, *Contemporary Verse*, second-oldest publication of its sort, and *JAPM, The Poetry Weekly*, the highly succesful innovation of last year.

The editorial management and policy will not be affected by this important move, inasmuch as the magazine will continue to be edited by Ernest Hartsock. Advising with Mr. Hartsock, however, will be the new Associate Editor Benjamin Musser, former editor and owner of *Contemporary Verse*, and of *Japm*, and author of *Dipped in Aloes* (The Bozart Press).

*BOZART* feels indeed fortunate in being able to give its subscribers the increased quality which will result from this merger, at no increase of subscription rate. The editor likewise is happy to add to the prestige of the magazine the distinguished record of the two magazines which it is absorbing, and wishes to assure the subscribers to these periodicals that the high traditions established by the former editors will be carried forward, and that the identity of the merged magazines will not be lost but will fuse with that of *BOZART* to produce what should be the most stimulating verse magazine in America.

The editor is happy to announce that the subscription lists of *Contemporary Verse* and of *Japm* have been taken over by *BOZART*, and all unexpired subscriptions will be filled in copies of the merged magazine.

*BOZART* will continue to be issued bi-monthly. But it hopes to increase through a more rigid selection of material the quality of its contents. Among the features announced for the January number are:

*Gossip on Parnassus*, sprightly literary comment by *Atticus Mus*.  
*Pasture on Parnassus*, an expanded section of book reviews by *Ernest Hartsock*.

Distinguished new poems by *Mark Van Doren*, *Clement Wood*, *Kathleen Millay*, *Harold Vinal*.

A Critical Article on the Art of Poetry by a Well-known Poet.  
And many other features of unusual interest.

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"The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review"

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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## OTHER WORLDS

If tradition, that purveyor of old wives' tales, did not add, in the language of Byron, "another story to the Tower of Babel," Alexander the Great expressed more transcendentalism in one phrase than Emerson did in a number of volumes; the history of man's desire for other worlds to conquer is perhaps at the root of all poetry. Certainly it underlies all idealism. It is the unfulfilled desire which Clement Wood accuses, in *The Craft of Poetry*, of being the motif wherefrom Keats wrote *Endymion*. It is the impelling factor of the sub-conscious. . . That poet who ignores the direct utterance of emotion from the caverns measureless to man flies in the face of sincerity. And there are those today who fly thus.

Especially are the newer American poets verging upon a meretricious sort of intellectual simplicity which is the weapon of the emotionally defeated. Following craftsmen like Robinson and Frost, a generation of talented workers in frail words producing exquisitely phrased baubles, has arisen. Some of them follow from afar Elinor Wylie; the majority of them have nothing in particularly to say. Their verses are lovely but like icicles, brittle, prismatic, crystalline, unsubstantial. Their poetry consists chiefly of a technique; they are seldom moved by something warm and rich and human, such as the impulse of Burns or of Chaucer. They are tenderly and meticulously naughty; but they are unimpassioned. . . It is a pity that they should be encouraged to be virtuosos rather than voices. Among these rather brilliant young men, wit has a tendency of pass for wisdom and grace for integrity. It is the triumph of mind over matter. It is the loss of other worlds to conquer. . .

Verse to remain alive must have in it the spirit of earth; the strange brilliant transfiguring glory which underlies what in our darkness we call life. It must be true to the indwelling voice which is poetry, and it must realize that beyond all cavil we are inexplicable creatures after all, emanating a power not within our control, creatures who cannot perceive the other worlds wherein we yearn to conquer. . . To have great poetry we must have illusion.

As for the individual, so far the institution. And by this time BOZART has, we believe, become an institution in the literary life of the South. As such, the magazine looks forward to other worlds to conquer in its new merger. Fused with *Contemporary Verse* and *Japm*, the new magazine pledges its every effort toward the development of emotional expression and humanitarian poetry—not optimism but a philosophic integrity of vision. . . May we be trite and suggest that "Where there is no vision, the people perish. . . ?" *Lux Fiat!* So remarked Noah anent the ark-light. . .

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### HILL OF SPRUCES

There's hint of restlessness in these  
Spruces long rooted to this hill,  
That makes me think they wish a breeze  
Would keep their arms from being still.  
With no volition of their own  
Except the ardor to expand,  
They no doubt wish they might be blown  
Beyond this acreage of land.  
Tired of torpor and the deep  
Aroma of this sleepy place,  
They will forsake the lure of sleep  
To feel the sunlight in their face.  
A natural motion is not theirs,  
They merely ache to make a sound,  
Only the dark axe, it appears,  
Can bring these brothers to the ground.

—HAROLD VINAL.

### FAME

Fame is a poor thing,  
A hollow ball;  
And yet you must desire it,  
Being at all.

Fame is the one thing  
Beyond enough  
That still is worth the wishing;  
Fame is stuff

You wear to show your greatness  
Greater by excess;  
Or if you dwindle in it,  
That much less.

Fame is a fine thing  
If plates and buckles  
Hold you like a hero;  
And no god chuckles.

—MARK VAN DOREN.

### LOVE IN THE PROVINCES

Scarlets are too garish, and whites are only blanks;  
Pinks, personally, I prefer, and for these I give thanks:  
For the sweet antinomian commingling of caresses and Christ;  
For the fair American neck bent over in Eucharist.

—EDWARD FICKLEN.



### PARADOX

High above the vulture's track  
Soars the eagle, that aloof  
Dark bird of the Zodiac,  
With Orion for his roof.

Onward, black as onyx, he  
Follows the forever fleeing  
Orb of wonder, finally,  
He ascends beyond our seeing.

He ascends, a ghoul, a bird,  
Ghostly through the purple dark,  
Swift as a chromatic third,  
Till he bends to disembark.

What a narrow little thatch  
Has the bird within the nest,  
Who is still content to hatch  
A nostalgia in the breast.

—HAROLD VINAL.



### THE IMPATIENT GODDESS

O friends, lean not so much on me, I pray.  
No more I comfort. Those loud griefs of thine  
Have irked me till I am become at last  
A cold and not too sympathetic shrine.  
Go have a private snivel in the dark.  
For it will ease your mind and give me rest—  
And I will slap the next sad, aching head  
That tries to lay its burden on my breast.  
—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON.

### HALF TALENT

Pretty little poetasters  
Weeding verses with their hoes,  
Pabulum for minute-wasters,  
Titillating tickle-toes.

Rondels, say, a little racy,  
In a fancy filigree,  
Lovely sonnets looking lacy  
With a sweet embroidery.

Little minds that wish to suffer,  
Little souls that love to grieve,  
Little hearts without a buffer,  
Bleeding on a tender sleeve.

Write an epic? Nothing to it!  
They can fashion you that kind  
If they had a mind to do it,  
But they haven't got the mind!

—WILFRED J. FUNK.

### PARLOR ORPHEUS

A plump and pink-faced faun with tepid eyes,  
He spreads his pudgy fingers like a fan,  
Taking pianos by abrupt surprise,  
Banging a loud pretense at being a man.  
Assurance is a domino to hide  
The fear of ridicule that feasts on him;  
Nervous with earth yet masked with bantam pride,  
He acts Apollyon like a Cherubim.

His handshake is a hugging corpulence  
Like icy softened beef; his sparrow voice  
Monopolizes talk with banal noise  
Till friends suggest he play, and he consents—  
And plays until distractedly they wonder  
If asking or not asking were worse blunder!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

## JUGGERNAUT

"He has two eyes and he must surely see—"  
So mused I as I watched him swiftly go.  
Strange that the thought had not occurred to me  
This his set face reflected depths of woe.  
Man can be callous to the gnawing want,  
The desolation in another's heart.  
His own pale ghosts rise in the night to haunt  
The sleeper in his mansion built apart.

"Goodbye," he said. His thin hands gripped the wheel;  
A whirl of cylinders and he was gone.  
The juggernaut of spokes and twisted steel  
Was found below the cliffs at early dawn.  
The charred remains were nothing I had known—  
And I begrudged him his escape alone.

—RALPH WALDO SNOW.

A. D. 1929

In Rome, four hundred churchbells clang  
From matins clear to vespers,  
In tones that range from thundering  
To little tinkling whispers.

Four thousand gaudy churchwalls shake  
At every sound's completion;  
Four hundred golden ceilings creak  
In tingling adoration.

Inside them all, a hundred of  
The people who were passing.  
Oh, here is worship up to snuff—  
And only God is missing.

—CLEMENT WOOD.

## THE SHIFTING TIDE

All day long on the sunlit sands,  
All day long where the sea was wide,  
She clapped and clapped her little hands,  
And laughed and laughed at the coming tide!

All night long on the moonlit sands,  
White and still where the sea was wide,  
He laughed and kissed her little hands—  
And went away with the shifting tide.

All day long on the drifting sands,  
All day long in the wind and rain,  
She twists and twists her little hands,  
And sees the tide go out again.

—KATHLEEN MILLAY.



## THE MOTHER

It was a pregnant girl, and she  
Was running through the rain,  
Upon a darker afternoon  
Than has been seen again;  
And everyone who saw her tapped  
The temples of his brain.

Who she was and why she ran  
With nothing on her head  
There was no one in town to know;  
To none of them she said:  
"It is the second I shall bear,  
And now their father's dead.

"He left me weeping yesterday  
With one whose hair is white—  
A little boy that we had made  
Only of laughing light.  
I mean to make the other boy  
Of dripping trees and night.

"He was midnight and noon to me,  
And I must have him whole.  
He was both dark and day—and so  
We three shall keep his soul:  
One here to watch the sun and stars,  
And one at either pole."

There was no one to whom she said  
This thing or anything.  
She ran, and as she ran the leaves  
Would leap at her and sting;  
Until she vanished, closed around  
With night, a rainy ring.

—MARK VAN DOREN.

## TARPEIA

"Keep from me much good fortune," I have prayed.  
All other prayers are lacking in good sense.  
Their authors court the fate of that poor maid  
The Sabines crushed beneath their ornaments.

—KENNETH W. PORTER.

## YOUNG HUGH

"When I've no thirst for quenching,"

(Young Hugh the poacher said:)

"No taste for brawls or wenching,  
I'd as well as not be dead."

(Young Hugh was two-and-twenty,

With gullet ever in drouth,

And winsome girls aplenty

Athirst for his truant mouth.)

"Whenever my sinews slacken,"

(Hugh swore by rood and god:)

"I'd liefer be under bracken

Than limping over sod!"

Tucked tight in shawl and blanket,

Old Hugh turns from the fire

A face so parched and lank it

Seems carved of clay and wire.

His dim wits sourly savor

The words his grandson said:

"Then must he live forever,

Who might as well be dead?"

His rheumy eyes burn dimly,

While lips sardonic set

Mouth gleefully and grimly:

"They haven't—trenched me—yet!"

—TED OLSON.

## CUTTER OF STONE

I am not one to sparsely thrive

On leaf and branch alone,

My body it is kept alive

By fundamental stone.

This is my element, this bleak

Dark quarry of the mind,

My hammer bursts the granite's cheek

To see what it may find.

This is sufficient for my taste,

The firm hard scorn of rock;

I wade in dust up to the waist

And hear the mountains talk.

—HAROLD VINAL.

### WINTER WOODS

When the morning, sword-bright,  
Hangs scabbarded in icy light,  
And the gale, unloosed, outstrips  
The crying of my cold-stung lips,  
I shall face the flying snow  
Through the winter woods and go  
Battling a feathered gust—  
Crunching down the frozen crust.  
I shall hear the brittle talk  
Of clattered branches as I walk,—  
Listen for the furtive sound  
Of small feet running underground.  
But I dare not glimpse the brook  
Blazing frostily, or look  
Far beyond the fallen tree.  
Creatures will be watching me.  
They must think me purposeless.  
Nothing here shall ever guess  
That I've come again to find  
Something I once left behind.

—MARGARET ELIZABETH HOLMES.

### EMPTY HEARTH

Once in the years of fatness, when the rain  
Of sorrow hardly fell upon our house,  
We were content to let the door remain  
Shut against all intruders, and a mouse  
Was then our only neighbor; we were quite  
Content to sit in silence and be wise;  
Knowledge has taught our hearts too much, the night  
Has fallen on the candor of our eyes.

That was a gloomy hour when the door  
Swung open to the middle years, and we  
Left truth and peace behind us both, to roam  
A mortal world no strangers should explore.  
Now silence is not what it used to be,  
We lift the latch but do not feel at home.

—HAROLD VINAL.

### TO A CHOIR BOY

You wrote a certain sonnet,  
Exquisite, shimmering.  
Your love is like your surplice  
You don it  
When you sing!

—GILBERT MAXWELL



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## FOR THE NOT UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(*Armistice Day, 1929*)

There was a war and now the war is gone;  
Tumult was stilled and anger quieted  
Before the platitudes which cried: The Dawn!  
There was no dawn. No dawn disturbs the dead.

But to the masters of colossal lust  
In citadels of wealth inviolate,  
There was a dawn unseen by those whose dust  
Was sacrificed to a vicarious hate.

There was a dawn of gold to the sons of Cain.  
But there was dark to many in the earth;  
And those who went and lived to come again  
Came bitterly from cavernous rebirth.

And there was dark in fields where trees had been,  
Torn with explosion, plowed with howling flame,  
Where desolate with carnal discipline  
A widow wept and gave her child no name.

And there was dark to one whose youth was sweet,  
Who went to war on sudden dreaming feet.

There was a day of darkness at Argonne  
When he who knew life's glamor found its gall.  
His world dissolved; and youth and peace were done  
Within his skull where ruin held carnival.

From months in flickering shaddows he returned,  
A changeling with no focus in his stare;  
His face was but a mask behind which burned  
The glitter of inscrutable despair.

His body still was warm and young and slim,  
But there was insurrection in his mind;  
Maggots of madness bulged him to the brim  
And ate the core of being to the rind.

He who was half a god became a thing  
Repulsive, neither man nor beast nor child,  
Nervous, erotic, rent with suffering,  
Plaintive and broken, chattering and wild.

Some fine adjustment of the judgment shattered,  
Life had become a havoc and a terror;  
Nothing could calm him. Nothing human mattered.  
Earth was a vortex of heart-breaking error.

Each casual word or look burrowed like salt  
Into a wound absurdly sensitive.  
He knew and did not know why men would halt  
And sigh and say: Alas that he must live.

*And out he'd run like wind down village lanes  
Hounded by eyes behind the windowpanes.*

On some cool honeysuckle hill he'd weep,  
Writhing in epic fear beneath the sky.  
Fear wolved his vitals till he could not sleep.  
Hating his life, he had no will to die.

A skeleton through catacombs of time,  
Unweaponed of his courage or control,  
He reeled in epileptic pantomime,  
A husk excoriated of a soul. . . .

Sad is their death who die by sword or shot;  
But sadder still the dead who find no rest  
Through living labyrinths where dream is not.  
The world forgets them, and the world knows best.

Then pity those who know too much to know,  
Who drown in stagnant cisterns underlying  
Thin ice of sanity whereon we go.  
Theirs is the horror of continual dying.

Theirs are the idiot wind's dark epitaphs;  
Theirs are the moon's hands reaching after dust.  
They are the fools at whom the Shadow laughs  
The ruthless inquisitions of the just.

Theirs is the Gorgon that no time can free  
From the grim mirrors of their lunacy.  
*They are the outcasts of eternity.*

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

WEST GEORGE STREET.  
DECEMBER

Half a dozen boys for every customer  
At lame Emory's shine stand.  
"Yas sah, they hang out heah because it warm.  
Summa' they follows the hosses;  
Now all the racin' gone south  
To Tia and Floridah."  
Heat . . heat from the red-bellied stove'  
In the corner of the pool room.  
Warm mist spiced with a tang of cheap liquor,  
Tobacco fog, and the clink of small change.  
The voice of the proprietor drones dimly,  
"Cain't trus' nobody for nuthin';  
Too little money, too much talk."  
Few ships at the docks,  
No work on the roads.  
In a basement crossed by a dozen laden lines,  
A woman crouches over a tub of hot suds;  
Her voice rises thin and querulous with the steam:  
"Why cain't you-all git wuhk and keep it?  
Cole fohty cents a bushel,  
Cha'cole twenty cents a baig."  
She raises bleached hands stiff with endless scrubbing;  
And death and glory seem closer than another spring.  
—R. HART.

HOME-STEADER

No homestead in itself is ever lonely,—  
Rather some ghost is held in prison there,  
A woman who has lived with longing only,  
Within her wistful eyes unspoken prayer  
For the far comfort of familiar things,—  
Her mother's cupboard, dinner plate, and chair  
And distant roofs alive with pigeon wings.

I have seen a woman with sad eyes  
Hug to her hungry breast a copper flagon,  
As like a child she watched with stifled sighs  
Two fading ruts of a prairie wagon  
Vanishing into yellow autumn skies.  
—KATHLEEN GIBSON.



### TRANSIT

Your head a little higher?  
Well, how's that?  
(Poor devil, he'd go quicker  
(Laid down flat.)

Breathe easily—I won't let go  
Your hand.  
(D'ja see that comedy that's  
(At the Strand?)

(It's Mary that he's calling,  
(She's his wife.  
(No, none of 'em are coming.  
(God! This life.)

Lie still now just a minute.  
You're all right . . . . .

Well, I felt sure he couldn't  
Last the night.

Yeah, take his ring off quick— the  
Rest can wait.  
Fold that arm over and the  
Other straight.

You wait here till the hearse comes—  
Damn this mess!  
My date's due now. G'bye,  
I gotta dress.

—CHRISTINE HUTCHINSON.

### HISTORY

Beware of stories of the ancient days  
In which the good and pure are chonicked;  
These are a trick repentant men devise  
So their own feverish memories may be stilled.  
Those who were great in life were great in love—  
Lust, if you will; the ecstasy is the same:  
"Subdue the beast within" is for the slave;  
The kings, the queens, the pontiffs of men had time  
To tumble quite outside the holy pale  
As often as will spoke. Only the lowly  
Today observe "Thou shalt not!" Souls of steel  
Live, love, die, glitteringly and highly.  
"He was a good man"—brand the corroding liar,  
And offer your own tinder to the fire.

—CLEMENT WOOD.

*Rome*

## CHANCE

"A spotless man"—so all who knew him said,  
"A fine example to the human race;"  
And now that he had sickened—and was dead,  
They wondered how they'd ever fill his place.

They never knew he never loved his wife,  
She never knew how much she wearied him;  
They never knew his devious way of life  
Or that his sense of rectitude was dim. .

They never knew as he sat in his pew,  
All decorous of mein—with unctuous air,  
That what the preacher said he never knew,  
And if he knew that he would never care.

His friend had never known how near he came  
To being cheated by a facile pen;  
But held in reverence the honored name,  
And thought it peerless in the world of men.

His banker never knew that at one time  
This honored man had itched to clutch his throat;  
He never knew he'd saved this man from crime,  
And saved himself—because he signed a note.

There never was an act or circumstance  
To prove this man was anything but true;  
They never knew his lucky break with chance—  
Nor blamed him for the deeds he did not do.

—DAISY ARNOLD MAUDE.

## HYMENEAL

This universal moment flowers know:  
This is the instant when the world is kin;  
In this fine hour beyond the reach of sin  
The April birds and mating planets go.  
Deep in the rapture of this moment glow  
The faces from the ages that have been,  
Isolde and Deirdre of the lily skin,  
Tristram and Naoise feared by every foe.  
Now at the wedding of the day and night  
When the dark hours pass on to final rest,  
You press against me all your virgin white,  
I feel the star-point of each tender breast;  
My being to a dizzy languor yields  
And I am one with birds and beasts and fields.

—JAMES A. S. McPEEK.

## REUNION

He said beforehand: "I will make  
No explanation or excuse  
To them because the way I take  
Once drew our mutual abuse.

"For young men dream and old men see  
Their visions wrenched and out of joint;  
But middle age walks heavily  
Whatever way the arrows point."

And so his face held no defense,  
Was neither arrogant nor meek.  
Yet hurt, his polished commonsense  
Missed something he had come to seek.

For no one spoke of disillusion.  
He heard the urbane, even tone  
Of their words with a sick confusoin  
To find it casual as his own.

He failed to halt his rushing word:  
"It will seem foolishness to you,  
But nothing that has since occurred  
Makes me admit our dream untrue.

"It is not ashes in my heart,  
Though its expression may have varied;  
But in the loud-voiced greedy mart  
The dream is burning, sanctuaried."

His tight throat failed him, but his eyes  
Flashed up expectant of their sneers,  
Discovering in dumb surprise  
Their eyes were sudden pools of tears.

—RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON.

## BRITTLE PROTEST

There is not enough of me  
To lure a lover bird,  
If birds have need of warmth and a neighbor wing;  
Nor enough despair  
To take my rope to the garret loft  
And swing;—  
All that is left is grittiness,  
Sapless, brittle—a pod  
With a few dry seed of protest  
To shake in the face of God.

—FLORA J. ARNSTEIN





# PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK



*Every Soul is a Circus*, by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan, \$2.75)

Whether or not one is prepared to accept the general proposition that *Every Soul is a Circus*, one can at least allow Mr. Lindsay the indisputable theorem that his own soul is a circus. . . The new performance of the greatest show on earth resembles more than anything else a sort of jazz Mother Goose, written, as the author warns us in the frankly divagating preface, chiefly for children. If Mr. Lindsay had only been so specific about his earlier work, he might have saved the poor critics many charitable bewilderments. One is particularly relieved to discover that Lindsay has now gone in for some such harmless game as writing quaintly barbaric verse to be danced. One finds many of the verses charmingly uninhibited nonsense verging at times upon the exquisite ingenuousness of Lewis Carroll. There are a few poems of genuine lyric clarity included, such as "A Swan is Like a Moon to Me."

*Pep*, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*The Viking Press*, New York. \$2.00.)

This translation of J. L. Wetcheek's *American Song Book*, that satiric *tour de force* supposed to have been originally written by an American, presents a slightly smart picture of bourgeois life in modern Germany. The translation into English is at times successful light verse, and at other times rather untechnical rhyming which tolerates "transparent" with "apparent," and "to get" with "forget." The entire business is amusing but a trifle cheap, a parlor trick too obvious quite to convince. It lacks the elemental human sympathy of good satire.

*The Literature of America*, by Quinn, Baugh & Howe (*Chas. Scribner's Sons*, New York. \$3.50.)

This new anthology of prose and verse, intended chiefly for classroom use, is an invaluable addition to almost any library which values compactness and authenticity of standards. In two volume, the selections cover fully the field of American literary output down to the present; contemporary poetry is represented by a rather highly traditional group and by a not too significant culling. *The Spoon River Anthology* yields five selections, none typical; Theodore Garrison is given more space than Edna Millay; Brian Hooker is given approximately the same attention as Carl Sandburg. . . . South-

erners fare unusually well; Wm. Alexander Percy, Olive Tilford Dargan, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Du Bose Heyward are included. Robinson Jeffers, T. S. Eliot, and Conrad Aiken are strangely missing from the solemn and traditional company. Such is the mood which governs the contemporary Professorial critic . . . It is good to find *Lazarus Laughed* by O'Neill closing the instructive, if academic compendium.

*The Noise That Time Makes*, by Merrill Moore (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

These galloping, approximate, intuitive sonnets constitute when taken as a whole a study in the phenomenon of poetic expression; they bear every evidence of their rapid composition as described in the preface by John Crowe Ransom. The result is both good and bad at intervals; such a poem as "Sleepy Waters" shows the virtue of the spontaneous sibyl in the scalpel dexterity with which it probes the core of a sensation. The losses incurred by the method are those of epigram and rhetoric. The manner of writing employed by this young survivor of the Fugitives has in it the unrestraint of a sort of Delphic utterance, scientifically recorded. . . . There is about many of these quasi-sonnets something filled with psychic unrest, an almost uncanny direct emotional approach.

*Stone Dust*, By Frank Ernest Hill (Longmans-Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

Accepting the expanding universe in the light of man's reaction to its airplanes, Gothic skyscrapers, ivory-canyoned avenues, and pilared monuments, Frank Ernest Hill has given expression to the mingled sadness and exultation inherent in civilization. The title poem is a forceful restatement of the eternal proposition that man, the Lover, outlives the ruin of gods and cities, being at one time invincible and overshadowed. Hill's style is diligently rhetorical; it is never weak from inattention or lack of sedulous verbal selection. Something of Marlowe's glory is in the rich cadences of this modern interpreter of rocks and Aprils; there is sometimes a tendency toward too ornamental words for alliterative value, and sometimes more sonorous phrasing than the situation may justify. But in the main, this poet, given a little more passion and philosophy, has much of the grand mood and manner. His poems are in many instances strong and staunch and not a little beautiful.

*Song and Laughter*, by Arthur Guiterman (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

It is one of life's little jokes that anyone with so excellent wit and so facile a turn in the writing of light verse as Guiterman has, should be betrayed into the sentimentality which he derides. But such is the case; the light verse in this new collection by the veteran



humorist is generally diverting—the serious verse is reminiscent of Eddie Guest when Roosevelt or trees are apostrophized. As with most professional jesters, the tendency often is to be funny at any price, resulting in cheap contortion; much of this seems obviously done for an audience and a market.

*God-Beguiled*, by George O'Neil (*Horace Liveright*, New York. \$2.00.)

That George O'Neil is an exceptionally clever young man, perhaps no critic will deny; he has the ability to chisel exquisitely in crystal. His concise and intense reticence of expression is subtly achieved through meticulous culling; seldom a loose word escapes the pattern of his epigram. He is to be praised for his continence and his skill with his instrument. But what can one say for his subject matter? . . . It is yet Trivial Breath. There is too much of intellect and technique; too little of passion and pathos. George O'Neil is to be watched; his verse is to be admired—a small kernel of rich walnut whence perchance a tree.

*Parnassus en Route*, compiled by Kenneth Horan (*Macmillan*. \$2.50.)

Here again is a travel anthology, wherein those who "do" Europe may have their litrachoor neatly done up in advance; a very orthodox itinerary includes verses by everybody from Keats to Colum, with perhaps more modern poems than ancient ones. That the literary value of the contributions is a secondary consideration should, we suppose, in some way justify Guiterman's "Gondolling Gondoliers," and the declamatory favorite "Bingen on the Rhine." At any rate, the book has a number of appropriate selections in it though it is neither exhaustive nor definitive.

*Certain Poets of Importance*, Compiled by Hattie Hecht Sloss (*E. P. Dutton & Co.* \$5.00.)

This collection of Victorian verse by contemporaries of Browning is the outcome of a course in study by the San Francisco Browning Society; it is arranged rather arbitrarily in sections on "Children," "Music," "Landscapes," etc. As a textbook for poetry clubs the book is acceptable, but as a convincing argument in favor of Victorian poets, it is disheartening. A great deal of the material is wrenched from its context to illustrate a contention—and much of it is the minor rhyming of Kingsley and Dobson and Morris. It is discouraging to a fair-minded member of the present generation, who would like to give the Victorians the benefit of the doubt, to see their errors and lapses so patently exposed by one whose motive was the exhibition of their virtues.

*Twentieth Century Love Poems*, Compiled by Caroline Miles Hill (*Willett, Clark & Colby*, Chicago. \$2.50.)

How will you have your love? In flames? In reveries? In victory? In rebellion? In ashes? In mysticism? Just consult this



neatly indexed compendium, wherein everybody from Rupert Brooke to Samuel Hoffenstein gives a rouse for Cupid, Venus, Psyche, and Hermaphrodite. As is customary in anthologies, there is much interesting verse and much that is merely servile imitation of the older classics. That there is any distinctly modern contribution to the art of love in this assortment, we doubt; but if you go in for love in a big way, you will undoubtedly find the book a veritable dictionary of amorous phrases.

*The Grub Street Book of Verse*, 1929, edited by Henry Harrison (Henry Harrison, New York. \$3.00.)

The latest Grub Street anthology has several virtues in comparison with the issue of last year; it is thinner and not quite so inclusive. The general tenor of selections emphasizes the satiric and erotic elements in life, with the inevitable consequence that even the best poets represented disintegrate toward a rather slender cleverness. Among the better authors represented are Amory Hare, Margery Mansfield, and Jay G. Sigmund. The black and white drawings by Charles Cullen are sensuous and rhythmical, having at times a certain splendor of appeal.

*Myself Limited*, by Henry Harrison (Henry Harrison, New York. \$1.50.)

This book, personal perhaps to a fault, is an almost photographic picture of its author; seldom is a poet able to put into sixty-four brief pages so excellent a portrait of himself—the artist as a young man. There is a human quality which is almost oppressive in some of these verses; it is like a pear, just past ripe. . . . Harrison's ability lies in rather mercilessly exposing things, chiefly himself. He has very little intellectual gist, and even his epitaphs, though occasionally clever, are oftener full of effort than of effect. There is in the repetitive music of the poems an almost constant refrain of *Ego*, scheming, desirous, aggressive, inhibited, self-conscious, thwarted.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Among new contributors to the magazine in this number are Clement Wood, eminent author of *Poets of America* (Dutton) and other books; James A. S. McPeck, of Washington, Pa., and Flora J. Arnstein, of San Francisco. Two new Atlanta poets are Edward Ficklen, age 19, and Daisy Arnold Maude (who failed to mention her age). Ralph Waldo Snow is from Milford, Conn. Margaret Elizabeth Holmes resides in Lakewood, Ohio. Christine Hutchinson writes from Atlanta, Texas; Kenneth Porter is now located at Soldiers Field, Boston. R. Hart is a Baltimore poet. Mark Van Doren is the author of *Now the Sky* (A. & C. Boni).

## \$200 Cash Award!

THROUGH the generosity of Benjamin Musser, well-known poet and critic, a cash award of \$200 is offered for the best poem by a subscriber, which is published in *BOZART, The Bi-monthly Poetry Review* during the year 1930. This prize, to be known as the *Benjamin Musser Award*, is open to subscribers only. Judges will be announced later.

### BOZART QUATRAIN CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, announces a prize of \$10 cash and a second prize of \$5 in books, for the best rhymed quatrain published in *BOZART* during the year 1929.

### \$25 FREE VERSE AWARD

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a cash award of \$25 for the best free verse poem published in Volume Three of *BOZART*, September-October, 1929, through July-August, 1930. No entries over fifty lines in length will be considered in the award; there are no restrictions as to subject matter. A Second Prize of Bozart Books will also be given.